

Student REVIEW

BRIGHAM UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • JULY/AUGUST 1992

The state of Utah spent 18 years trying to kill one man. Yet every year, hundreds of Utahns are killed or injured by drunk drivers, who often get off with a year or two in jail—if that.

Exact figures for abused Utah women and children cannot be pinned down with any certainty, but the numbers are in the thousands. Most abusers are still walking free because of lax Utah laws.

Do we have our priorities straight?

are mormons christian?

I hope the general readership will forgive this little diatribe about Mormons; I hope it won't happen again.

The question I entitled this essay with, is a frequently asked question a Mormon will have to face at least once in his or her lifetime. Having travelled around somewhat since my 18th birthday, I have faced this question a few times. In the past, I was able to definitely claim that Mormons were Christian—after all, we believe in Christ and follow his teachings—but now I must seriously reconsider.

Are Mormons Christian?

Is it Christ-like to receive an outpouring of love, sympathy, and even help from a city—then turn around and sue the pants off the city? Is it Christ-like to grumble and fume because one person was found *innocent*—and six others guilty? Is it Christ-like to want the death of another human being—no matter the cause?

Recent events have shown that Mormons are far from being Christ-like in many of their attributes. (I guess Utah is the Fraud Capital of the World in more ways than one.) With the execution of William Andrews drawing near, the Utah media blitzed the state, airing myriads of viewpoints from victims, relatives, and experts. One quote stands out in my mind. A relative of one of Selby's victims said that Andrews' death would put an end to a long wait, but it would *not* erase the horrible memories, or lessen the pain.

So what did he die for?

Mormon scriptures are full of examples where Jesus Christ taught that mercy and forgiveness were the premier commandments—not justice, not restitution. Again and again we are told to forgive others, show patience, love, and understanding, and forgive. Christ did not put conditions on these things; he told us to do them Period. Vengeance and justice are His to deal with—not ours.

Because most Utah Mormons failed to show that they were indeed Christians, a man died needlessly. Maybe before the next William Andrews approaches his death hour, we'll have shown true mercy and forgiveness, no matter how heinous the crime.

Maybe then, we could call ourselves Christians.

REVIEW
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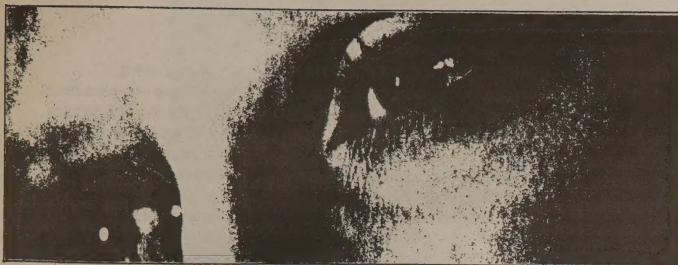
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staff notes:

The staff people for this issue are Drew Johnson, for his excellent interviewing of Camille Williams, and Scott Whitmore and Clay Callaway for their compilation of EFY tidbits and funnies.

Student REVIEW

At the Bottom of Maeser Hill, Near the Smith Field House, By the Botany Pond, By the French House, By and in Kinko's on 700E, Crest on 700E, Minuteman on 900E, Near Kent's Market, Near DT on 900E, Pegasus Music on 1230 N and University Mall, Ambassador Pizza, Harts on Canyon Road, The Pie Pizzaria, Universal Campus Credit Union, Graywhale CD, The Living Room, Atticus Books, Café Haven, Carousel, Food-4-Less, ShopKo, Albertson's, Smith's, Johnny B's, Allen Fraser, Sounds Easy, The Underground, Crandall Audio, Import Auto, The Torch, and TaylorMaid Beauty Supply



who's afraid of mother god? student responses to the continuing controversy

Twelve years ago Linda Wilcox presented a definitive historical study of the Mormon concept of a "Heavenly Mother" at the annual Sunstone symposium, which "rended the veil" for a small but increasing number of LDS women and men who were beginning to ask questions about the Mother's nature and

overview by bryan waterman

her place in our theology. Afterward, to a hushed crowd, Grethe Peterson responded to the paper softly and candidly: "Some years ago," she said, "as I was struggling with my own spiritual identity, I experienced a personal confirmation of the existence of my Heavenly Mother, which was and is just as important as my knowledge of God the Father and of Jesus Christ. ... My experience is not unique. As I have shared these feelings with other women, cautiously at first, I have learned of similar feelings and experiences."

The contemporary women's movement no doubt provided much of the impetus for Mormons like Peterson to continue this search, a journey which has gained momentum with individuals and which has established a very real community for which the Mother is an integral part of religious life. To them, She could not be otherwise. If eternal life is to know "God," you must eventually acknowledge the divinity and discern the nature of both heavenly parents. To those who include the Mother in their concept of Godhead, spiritual affirmation often prevents any doubt that their worship is meaningful and appropriate, that the

thanks they offer God for blessings received should be expressed to the Mother, as well as to the Father.

As the movement to increase awareness of a feminine deity has progressed, more conservative branches of the Church have reacted antagonistically. For instance, a former bishopric member in my ward boasted that he never did anything "stupid" like pray to Mother in Heaven, without explaining why she would be underserving of praise and thanks. The most publicized reaction came last fall from President Hinckley. Speaking in the General Women's Conference, he quoted from an earlier talk he had given to Church leaders: "It has been said that the Prophet Joseph Smith made no correction to what [Eliza R. Snow] had written about the Mother in her hymn 'O My Father'. Therefore, we have a Mother in Heaven. Therefore, some assume that we may appropriately pray to her. However," he continued, "in the light of the instruction we have

received from the Lord Himself, I regard it as inappropriate for anyone in the Church to pray to our Mother in Heaven." After citing a number of scriptures in which Jesus commands people to pray to the Father, he concluded: "Search as I have, I find nowhere in the standard works an account where Jesus prayed other than to His Father in Heaven. ... I have looked in vain for any instance where any President of the Church ... has offered a prayer to 'our Mother in Heaven.' I suppose those ... who use this expression and who try to further its use are well-meaning, but they are misguided. The fact that we do not pray to our Mother in

Heaven in no way belittles or denigrates her. ... [N]one of us can add to or diminish from the glory of her of whom we have no revealed knowledge" (*Ensign*, Nov 91, 100).

In response to President Hinckley, Margaret Toscano, Lynne Whitesides, and Marti Esplin presented a joint paper at the Mormon Women's Forum in April. To date it is the most vocal and straightforward call for acknowledgement of the Mother and the individual right to address her in prayer. It provides material that gives us a deeper understanding of those who worship God the Mother.

Toscano, a doctoral candidate in Hebrew at the University of Utah, described their purpose: "What we have come here to do is not to remove the male voice or the male god, but to add the female voice, in order to bring a greater richness and texture. To find what has been lost in the monophonic music of traditional theology and religion, where a male voice has played all the notes. Where is the missing female in our theology? Today we bring together three voices; three witnesses declaring the need for including the Divine Female in our worship, three female voices crying in the wilderness: Prepare the way for the coming of the Bride. The Wedding Feast is at hand."

The remainder of the talk was composed of examples from popular culture, classic mythology, feminist theory, and personal experiences to demonstrate the belief that the only reason the Mother is not known to us is because our male-centered society (including the Church) is threatened by the feminine and unwilling to

assign a feminine god any degree of importance.

Toscano asserted that prayer is an individual and spontaneous experience, unable to be confined by patterns and forms. She cited variations from the norm in Alma the Younger's spontaneous prayer to Jesus, and the passage in 3 Nephi where the people pray directly to Jesus while he is among them.

"These exceptions to what is stated as the general rule seem to indicate that the power of prayer may not be so absolute and rigid as some would have us think," she said. She then asked why—if "man" has always been meant to include women—"Father" could not be interpreted as including Mother, and cited Eliza R. Snow's hymn "O My Father" as an example of a prayer to both Mother and Father. Referring to the hymn "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire" she questioned: "If prayers are our desires, the innumerable feelings of our hearts, how can they only take certain prescribed forms? Of course they can not. Our truest prayers must be those that burst from us spontaneously: our anger, our love, our longings, our fears, our doubts, our deepest beliefs. How can these be controlled by anyone, even ourselves?"

She later commented that if Church leaders have the power to stop public prayers to Heavenly Mother, they could not control individual prayer, and they certainly could not control the Mother herself. "Can the Mother be silenced? Will the Mother stop speaking to us? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, as to hinder her from pouring down knowledge and love and mercy upon her

daughters and sons. She has been with us from the beginning. She is in our midst, speaking to us always. And no one can stop her hand. She testifies of Christ and he testifies of her. And all those who love Christ will find her, for she will be unveiled at the Great Supper of our Lord."

Esplin concluded, in part: "Possibly my finding and accepting the Mother ... came about because of a small tear in the veil [which] a presiding tailor decided should be sewn shut. [But] the tear has become a rending. Maybe all of the earnest strivings for the feminine in the divine results from glimmerings through the opening in the veil, from rays of light shining and reflecting on those souls who have felt the pull that now is the time to open the veil enough to let the Mother through. Maybe the time has come for the men—the Patriarchs—to move over and accommodate the feminine power, to be ready to save our planet, our church, maybe even our souls."

Whitesides concluded by pointing out that many women need to see an embodiment of their potential in the Mother: "In and out of Mormonism men have identified with the gender of God the Father. In Mormonism there is a literal identification between their bodies and the body of God. And now women have begun to identify with God the Mother. It is an empowering experience to see your body in the body of God. ... [Those in authority] will have to understand that some of us pray to a Mother God because we believe She is talking to us. You will have to see that an apostle is not

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the missing female in our theology: not to be found in toscano, whitesides and esplin's vehement reformism

Where is the missing female in our theology? ... Today we bring together three voices, three hearts, three bodies; three witnesses declaring the need for including the Divine Female in our worship.

So began Margaret Toscano's, Lynne Whitesides', and

by tennery taylor norton
and liesel boundy

Marti Esplin's April discussion at the University of Utah, and we took notice: it's high time we become part of a mature arena in which we can raise doctrinal questions, share individual feelings, and enthuse each other with our ideas. We agree not to tiptoe around the feminist word, either; let's say it aloud, acknowledging that the world is unfair, sexist, and then motivate each other to respectful,

positive change. High time for respectful discussion, indeed; however, the "Mother in Heaven" dialogue these women presented wasn't the occasion for which we had hoped.

In a blending of our own two voices, Tennery and I will tell you we're not much different from these women. Like them, we honestly desire to know and communicate with God the Mother as we have learned to do with God the Father. Moreover, we agree that TW&E's searchings represent sincere and valid thought; yet their vehement rhetoric and shock-value inclusions discolor the issue until it's unrecognizable.

The grim leaps in logic seem to grow from a belief that any authority who tries to regulate doctrine will insist on his own experience "to the point of tyranny ... trying to coerce

them to see God as [he does]." This overreaching attitude does not parallel the teachings of our church, where we believe authorities—General Authorities, we call them—are not self-appointed or elected, but ordained representatives of God. While their direction may be biased by their maleness and a number of other personal influences, the best part is that a believer couples her received knowledge with private and shared thought; nowhere, however, in our religious environment do we invite the organization of congressional committees who ardently lobby the Prophet for change. TW&E's vote-casting obviously followed a more democratic format. For example, rebutting President Hinckley's use of the Declaration of Independence as an example of the word "man" being used to include

women, Whitesides railed:

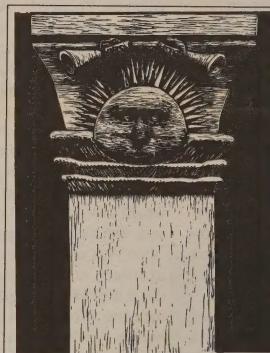
"Where have you been President Hinckley? We live in a country where several states still do not recognize rape in marriage, where women still earn 57 cents to male-earned dollars, where half the homeless women are refugees of domestic violence. In this equal generic man country women did not get the right to vote until 1920. ... We are members of a church which until [August 1978] would not let women pray in Sacrament meeting. ... You will have to come in close, you will have to give up that comfortable place of privilege, you will have to understand how answers to prayer cannot be dictated by a man in front of a camera at a pulpit."

We cringe at this. The disparity between ours and TW&E's position is perhaps better illustrated by Toscano's own words from an earlier essay: "Complete identification with the [female] deity can lead to self worship and the mistake of confusing God's voice speaking in us with the voice of our own egos" (from "Reflections on God the Mother"). TW&E claim they cannot view the Mother in Heaven because of a curtain of male authority and their approach unfortunately implies they do not believe the Mother can escape unless they (TW&E) help her. As Esplin put it, "now is the time to open the veil enough to let the Mother through." Their theory belittles the Mother because it assumes she has no power to represent herself as she would like to be known, and it puts all the power to create a Mother into human hands. Are they trying to create Her in their image?

Toscano describes herself as one who has "discovered [the Mother] and become acquainted with her." She explains the Mother "is in our midst, speaking to us always." We know several women who have had spiritual experiences with or about our Heavenly Mother. The sharing of these sacred experiences is uplifting to us all because it gives us hope that our faith is not in vain, and it reminds us that there is so much more to learn. But we assume that hateful criticism, like the following description of the male authorities' reaction to assertive women, will not lead us to a Mother who is united with our Heavenly Father. From Whitesides:

"[Their] fear of castration is so strong you can almost hear the whispers of hands brushing cloth as they clutch testicles whenever women speak assertively; you know they are afraid you will see what an illusion it all is. The Church is a magnified microcosm of our phallic

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riot and reaction: it's all violence

When the riots broke out, I watched it all live from a vantage point thirty miles south of South Central L.A., in a comfortable white neighborhood. I watched people pull a Vietnamese woman from her car. Beat her until she staggered away. People pulled a truck driver from his truck. Kicked him. Threw bricks at him. Threw a fire extinguisher at his head. Then picked his pockets. Looted his truck. Left him for dead in the middle of the street. The L.A. police did not move into that intersection for four

by joanna brooks

hours.

Twenty-four hours a day for three days, I watched the riots on television and listened to the radio. Real protests? I count three. One that occurred at L.A.P.D. headquarters at Parker Center on the afternoon of the verdict. One that occurred simultaneously at a gathering of African-American religious and community leaders at a church in South Central. And one that occurred at the Foothill division of the L.A.P.D. later that night.

And the rest was complete senselessness. Mexican-American gang kids in the streets, knocking over buses and setting the city library on fire. Mexican immigrant women bringing their children along to loot small shops. By the third night, it was white people raiding stereos from stores along Hollywood Boulevard. People throwing axes at firemen and burning down their own neighborhoods.

I soon became exhausted and sick with it all. Sick at the police who took no action for hours and

allowed the mayhem to spread. Sick at L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley who provided extremely weak, even incendiary leadership. And sick of news coverage which made looters seem like game show winners and thus contributed to the spread of the raiding.

I was born in South Central L.A. My family has lived in L.A. for four generations. I've driven through the intersection of Florence and Normandie before, and others like it. Manchester Blvd. Imperial. On the way home from Venice Beach. On the way to the airport. On the way to my grandparents' house in L.A. The looters burnt down the neighborhood surrounding the Catholic church where my great-grandfather was blessed. They destroyed places I loved. Though my loss is emotional and minute compared to those who lost lives and neighborhoods, I do feel involved in what happened.

Nothing prepares you for this. In a post-modern philosophy class I took last year, we discussed violence on a daily basis—how we do violence to each other every day, whenever we abridge or limit or abuse another person. And I thought I could become accustomed to it. Strong in the face of it. I was wrong. Forgive me if I sound maudlin, but I honestly spent the first twenty-four hours of the riots in tears.

And forgive me if I sound self-righteous, but I am as sickened by all of the finger pointing and ideological aftermath as I was by the initial anarchy. There is no comfortable high and mighty excuse to throw at this. For every political explanation, there is another one, and another. A point, a counterpoint. Rhetoric. Garbage. It is all presumptuous violence.

We're all implicated and we all suffer. You can tell me this is the way the world ends. And you can tell me that the revolution is coming, that it is here, that what has been sown is being reaped, that now the poor are taking back the earth. How am I supposed to react?

Some say that it is the nature of systems to fall apart, that such things will happen in the "lower classes" and that if I just take care of my own and act as a "righteous influence" on those around me, I will be fine. And then nothing changes. People starve and die and brutality continues.

Some of my friends say that this is the fault of the "establishment," that social change happens when people die, that I must be willing to give my life for the revolution. That meant death for me, my family. If I went into Los Angeles during the riots, even with good intentions, I probably would have been injured or killed. No matter that I give to the poor or talk "P.C." or want justice. The result is the same. Death, grief, ashes, and nothing's changed, and I can't accept that either.

I have heard nothing that makes sense—from the pompous photo-opportunity-politiksspeak of George Bush or Bill Clinton or Jesse Jackson or more radical African-American activists to the high theorizing of academics from conservative to Marxist to revolutionary. Every-

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voting for gore: an open letter to governor clinton

Dear Bill,

Greetings from Utah. I'm sorry to say that there's still no way you could possibly win this state come November—people around here are too scared of "liberals" to realize that the Republicans are sticking by a Republican blowfish. My fellow Demo-

by harry michelsen

crats (all 16 of them) are looking into supporting Perot, just to hopefully whittle down Bush's electorate support. More on that next letter.

I'm writing primarily to congratulate you on your stunning comeback in the polls over the last few weeks.

The fact that Bush and Perot are acting like a couple of children is helpful, as is the fact you actually managed to heal old wounds and got Mario Cuomo and Jesse Jackson to support you. But your real coup was selecting Senator Al Gore as your running mate. Smart, man, smart.

Al Gore is easily one of the most intelligent and respected men in Washington. People have mocked his robot-like dedication to "principles" and "ideas"—but my advice to you is let him be. This election has been almost entirely devoid of substance, as you should know better than almost anyone.

That's why we love Gore so much. Not only does he present the very best that you have to offer (in a squeaky-clean fashion), but, no matter what Geraldine tries, there's no way Gore will be even the least bit slowed down by cheap shots at his personal history. Like it or not, Al Gore, assuming you don't try to change him into something he isn't, is going to make this campaign into a "crusade of ideas." (Or die trying.) And brother, do we need it.

George Bush knows that America cannot possibly continue to support a President who has no vision or presentable ideas. That's why he's having his handlers put

out the "judgment and experience" theme, rather than attempt to sell more of his plainly half-baked "ideas." This is the point you need to emphasize—there's no need to make Bush look malicious; simply point out that, outside of shaking hands and conducting backroom war meetings, the man is simply vacuous. He's empty. And there's no one who can make this point better than Al Gore.

Gore has written an excellent book on ecology and the environment, *Earth in the Balance*, possibly the best comprehensive work on global issues available to the layperson. Sure, the environment may not (unfortunately)

be a big deal with the average American yet, but imagine how fun it'll be to let Gore loose on Bush and Quayle—who just may have read a *Reader's Digest* report on the subject.

This brings up an important point: contrast Quayle with Gore every single chance you get. Let the people out there know that your vice-president won't be spoon fed; that he's a smart man, a real man, only two years younger than you, in the prime of his life, with his own ideas to add to the ticket.

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Quayle, whatever good qualities he may have, was and is an obvious counter-balance to Bush; the man saw a looks from the Midwest who wouldn't upstage him, and chose him on that basis. Make sure that voters know that's *not* why you chose Gore. But more on that in a minute.

Al Gore also knows what you, having learned politics in land-locked Arkansas, don't: foreign policy. Gore called his decision to break with the official Democratic line (remember Bill: independence usually means intelligence) and support Bush in his war against Iraq "agonizing," but drew admiration from around the nation for his comprehensive, concerned approach to the issue. Then he turned around and condemned Bush for abandoning the Kurds to Saddam's death machine once America had freed up all the oil wells Bush's Texas friends decided we needed. Let Gore hit Bush *hard* on this one, Bill. Bush will try to convince the nation that we still need an experienced Cold Warrior like himself. We don't. What we need is someone with a new worldview; Bush's is outdated, and often immoral to boot. Say that, or better, let your running mate say it.

Between your liberal progressiveness and Gore's moderate awareness, California is probably yours—assuming you don't get on your educational high horse and condemn private schools. You'll probably get Washington, and very likely Oregon too. With the East already yours and the South within range, you could really win this thing and bring the Rooseveltian renewal this nation has been aching for since Reagan's bubble burst back in 1987. It all depends on your willingness to let Gore really help you. All of this—the man's seriousness, his great family reputation, his intelligence and experience, his and his wife's aggressively middle-class morality (I'd personally make a big deal out of his wife's book of "Raising PG kids in an X-rated World"—why leave the "values

thing" to Quayle?), and, on top of it all, his flat-out better looks than Danny-boy's—all of this could be yours if you'll just leave the man alone.

Al talked about a "new generation of leadership ship" coming to the front with this national ticket. Believe what he said, Bill, and don't get caught up in business as usual. Who ever said the vice-president had to be useless? That's history. That's backroom, deal-cutting demographic politics. Whatever it's advantages in fostering party unity and satisfying factions, that system died (for your party) more than 20 years ago, during the riots that drove Johnson out of office and surrendered the Democrats to the masses, for better or worse.

So accept this is the 90s and do something different! Make your vice-president your closest advisor—no, more than that, your second voice. Don't make this a "Clinton/Gore" (the Presidential nominees over a secondary flunkey) thing; make it a partnership, a "Clinton and Gore" sort of thing. Senator Gore can win you this election by giving you, via the weight of his incredibly intelligent ego, the space you need to be taken seriously. Isn't that what you want? If you keep Gore saying only the things you would say, then, I promise you, you'll be back in the mud immediately. Bill, you aren't going to be taken seriously by an angry electorate without extreme action on your part. If you break with tradition and make your campaign one of *two equals*, (Governor Clinton and Senator Gore), each with their own expertise, you might inspire some interest—enough, perhaps, to shake people out of their party complacency and get them to vote: for you. If you do, you'll win not one, but two blocks of voters: the people who'd vote for you anyway, and the reluctant rebels against Bush, who (like many of my friends) don't see themselves voting Democratic so much as they see themselves voting for Gore.

Sincerely, Harry

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twin cheeks

Dear Jane:

It was a beautiful, warm night ... almost too perfect. The night of course, July 4th; spectacular fireworks and a Beach Boys show had capped off a night of wholesome fun in this perfect David Lynch inspired town the FBI had assigned me to; the town called Provo, Utah. So perfect, this Happy Valley, that I could almost sense oncoming disaster; it loomed like a phantom train in the mists, about to whistle out of that dark alley of our fearsome inner psyche.

by bryan forrest erickson

and claim the very sanity which makes us human! Now that I think of it, it was probably just too many chili fries. (Or was it soggy Urkel-O's?) But I digress. Anyway, the night was too perfect, oncoming disaster, etc. so, you guessed it, disaster strikes! A forest fire, blazing across the midnight sky, hanging over the quiet, peaceful homes and fun-filled, exorbitantly priced student housing, only a deer's leap from the proud, spotless Y which the administration pays so much to maintain.

I investigated immediately, and after six fatigue-ridden hours, a long sleepless night stretched out like a lifetime in the slave pits, harsh interrogations of seedy suspects and exhausting searches for a hint here, a brief clue there, I finally settled down over coffee (okay, so it was hot chocolate) and doughnuts and drew up my list of prime suspects:

- The Beach Boys. They just didn't want the festivities to end.
- Laura Palmer. So that's what the note meant: fire, walk with me! Though not many know it, Provo is Laura's hometown, thus explaining

why she appeared to be a wholesome clean-cut conservative girl and hid so well her problems of sexual promiscuity and cocaine addiction. In a dream, the red midget and the log lady told me her ghost would come back to wreak havoc here.

- Ovid R. Freakman, Provo landlord. He unsuccessfully aimed incendiaries at east Provo in a desperate attempt to destroy student housing there and force students to live in the complexes he owns, the Glandwood, Reefer-era, Spraintree, and Cankered Corpse.

- Bryan Forrest Erickson. He set it all up so he could write this article for Student Review.

- Richard Hairybuns, a congressional nominee, to show what a fire hazard has been made of Uinta Forest. He blames his incumbent opponent, Bill Horckin'.

- Sister Souljah. After this obscure rapper gained easy instant notoriety with her remark that blacks should stop killing each other and start killing whites, she decided to keep a good thing going by putting that plan into action right here in Provo.

- Prince Lotor of Planet Doom. He was testing out the new Robeast his father King Zartan gave him to battle Voltron.

- Nietzsche. God is dead so nothing matters. Burn a forest down or don't—we all just die after a while anyway.

- The same aliens from outer space who painted the mysterious Green Clover on the big Y last St. Patrick's Day. We have little clue as to the motives of these aliens. All we have to go by is a tip from an anonymous ASB secretary who claims to have overheard an administrator plotting with strange green-skinned men to cause superficial damage to Y-mount, drain exorbitant amounts of BYU money for "clean-up," and split the profits.

I stumbled home in the wee hours of Sunday dawn. I could just about smell the ash in the air, as I watched the glow fade into dark columns of smoke; where was Smokey the Bear now? Overcome with

fatigue, my body collapsed on to one of the perfect Happy Valley lawns, as my mind turned inward, to the dark alley of my fearsome inner psyche. As that phantom train thrusted itself out of the mists and over my lifeless frame, I was struck with gladness over one thing: it wasn't Beach Boys, or corny freedom hooplah, or even the fact that I got to be in a T.V. show with Sherylin Fenn. No, it was chili fries, and fireworks, and beautiful girls named Monica, and little green pranksters from outer space, and the hope that Voltron would defeat Prince Lotor and his evil Robeast and maybe along the way defeat the evil Provo landlords, too. The train whistled and whistled, fire, walk with me ... fire, walk with me ...

When men strive together one with another, and the wife of the one draweth near for to deliver her husband out of the hand of him that smiteth him, and putteth forth her hand, and taketh him by the secrets: thou shalt cut off her hand, thine eye shall not pity her. —Deuteronomy 25:11-12

Eric Beane would like to dedicate this scripture to his brother's girlfriend who broke up a friendly wrestling match they were having early one Saturday morning.

Eric is:

- from Salina, Kansas

- a senior

- majoring in Fashion Merchandising

101 ways to put down your roommate

you didn't pay for that haircut did you? • Wymount list-waiter • food cop groupie • chowderhead • lick dirt! • Rex Lee shadow muffin • spineless doormat • Pizza face • Here's a quarter call someone who cares • get a clue, get a life, get a friend • mucus-frothing hippo • Sunday shopper • nice costume ... oh sorry • you're "special" • varmint • redneck • poohy boy • Do you get a free bowl of soup for going out with him/her? • Nu Skinner • your mothers an astronaut • Kanuck • PM10 flatulator • spleen for brains • whoremonger • stick your head in gravy • go suck your toe all the way to Mexico • VOICE wanna-be • Do you have naked pictures of your girlfriend ... do you want to buy some? • licence-plate belt-buckler • hey is that your casserole or did you puke in a bowl? • student review reader • surf nazi • lumpy • closet intellect • rogue • dixie whistler • dingleberry digger • baboon butt • ninny • schlemiel • booby boob • sappy pantywaist • Jughead • Aren't you related to Tsongas? • bumbling lummock • flibbertigibbet • Nice outfit, bozo • Was your fly open *all night?* • scury scalawag • you base, proud, eater of broken meats • Afterglow fan • shallow, beggerly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy, worsted-stockinged knave • oh ye wicked and perverse roommate • Roseanne's got nothing on you • booger-brain • vile vat of fecal matter • Universe subscriber • disgusting heap of rotting horseradish • gutless good-for-nothing piece of refuse • RA • abominable Glenwood resident • unholy-spawn of a Provo landlord • pearl-eating swine • tapeworm infested slug • VISION wanna-be • flabmeister • secret Osmond love pet • cretin • son-of-a-motherless-goat • chiggerbrain • phlegm • I used to have a jacket like that but then my Mom got a job • sucker chump • wrongdoing enemy of respectable upstanding Americans • derelict • recreant • rapscallion • fart • degenerate cur • dred of society • lousy minx • putz • go rub a lamp • you big EFY bracelet-wearing, mono-having, Gap-buying, scone-eating, field hockey-playing, Geraldo-watching punk • you smell of elderberries • get thee hence • oh yeah, well you snore • now I know why lions eat their young • If you didn't have feet would you wear shoes? so what do you wear a bra for? • get bent • I don't make monkeys, I just train them • backbiting viper • moldy yeast • I love the way you've combined the colors orange and purple • kiss my grits • don't worry, I did that once too—when I was eight • pooper scooper • sick little monkey • leech • gosh, you're a really cool roommate, I'm glad I've got you!



efy events you missed

Here you are: happy, enthusiastic, ready to learn and grow, ready to make friends, exult in freedom and boundless opportunities, and filling up your well with righteous joy to be drawn upon for strength when you face those hard times. This is your time—Youth Time—a time to learn

and laugh with one another, to make memories to last a lifetime. Too bad. I attended EFY once, but that was nearly a decade ago, when the Church was still getting the system down pat. Granted, things were a bit more confusing then—I've always wondered if anyone ever found trace of that one

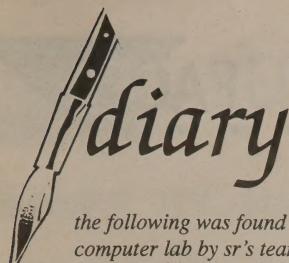
Generation that went to Nevada to protest nuclear weapon testing—but it seems that in settling things down EFY lost its nervous energy, that youthful abandon, which made it such a deeply moving experience. Just so you know what I'm talking about, I've dug out my old program, cleaned off the motor oil (had to use it to patch a leak in Todd Parker's van when we

all road-tripped to a Def Leppard concert), and scribbled down some of my notes from that week. Think about it:

July 27th—Nels didn't come in last night. He's broken; I know it. Bud Macky and Spinner (couple of chowderheads from Butte, Montana) proposed a dorm-wide moustache-growing competition two days ago, just to flaunt their testos-

terone. They hadn't counted on Nels though, whose dark hairy shoulders give him an oddly tanned look. He could grow a full Brigham in less than week, I'm sure. He had the whole dorm beat within 24 hours, giving him a much needed ego boost: he'd been treated cruelly by a girl the night of the first dance—

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of an efy counselor

the following was found on a disk left in the hbl computer lab by sr's team of snoopers.

Monday, July 6

Met my group today. There are a couple of cute 17-year-old girls from American Fork. And a really anal retentive kid from Arizona or Nevada. I can't remember. Anyway, I was an instant hit with my group. With the girls because I have a dark tan from being at the pool all day Saturday (and most of Sunday). With the boys because I promised them I don't date girls under 18. Speaking of which, I met this rad girl from California. She's a counselor, too. So I'm already planning some joint group activities to get to know her better. The orientation this evening was really special. Everyone cried.

Tuesday, July 7

Well, I have good news and bad news. The bad news is I was assigned to office duty today. The good news is so did the counselor from California. She seems to be playing hard to get—California girls are like that. But since the guy in charge of activities is my buddy, our groups will be doing stuff together whether she likes it or not. The fireside tonight was incredible. Everyone cried.

Wednesday, July 8

The kids have figured out their way around campus. Good thing I wasn't on patrol. They were trying to corral the puppy-lovers and

video game junkies out of their "hiding places" all day. It's amazing how quickly these people pair off. Half of them are already holding hands and buying candy together in the bookstore, and it's only the third day. Which reminds me, we had a counselors' meeting tonight. Everyone cried.

Thursday, July 9

I need to do something about these two dozen or so friendship bracelets that I've been given by the girls in my group. My wrists are actually getting sore and they're covering up my smooth tan. Well, my little Miss California has been giving me the cold shoulder ever since we played kissing rugby with her group. I thought it was clever the way I called her number when I was in the middle. I bet she wouldn't be so stuck-up if she knew how many girls in her group want me. I told my group they are the best I've ever had. Everyone cried.

Friday, July 10

I was so proud of my boys for using all the pick-up lines I taught them at the dance tonight. They aren't as good at it as I am, and some of them even got laughed at, but I was proud nevertheless. I'm also proud because I met this counselor from Sandy, and it was fireworks. I can't believe she was under my nose this whole time or that I'd almost gone a week without scoring. Tomorrow's the last day of EFY. Rounding the groups back into the dorms before curfew wasn't easy. Everyone cried.

Saturday, July 11

My wrist is sore, not from friendship bracelets, but from writing my address down for nearly every girl at EFY. It's been an awesome week but it'll be nice to relax a little. I spent the evening up in Sandy chez the new counselor in my life. Her parents like me. I could cry Δ

efy pick-up lines

--preface any or all of these lines with "Hey baby" or "Hey dude" at your own risk--

"Are your feet tired?
They should be, you've
been running through my
mind all day"

"Aren't you from the
tribe of Manasseh?"

"Am I feeling really spiritual or is it just you?"

"I'll bet you don't have a pimply butt."

"Boy, that sure was a
good fireside. You wanna
go make out?"

"Did you know your
body is 96 percent water
and I'm thirsty!"

"Wanna hold the priest-hood?"

"Do you drink milk? It
sure does your body
good!"



top ten efy souveneirs

10. Cougar fight song musical key chain.
9. Cougar paw-print boxers.
8. Nametag you ripped off of that really fine guy in the "French Kissing: Spiritual Misdemeanor or Rung on the Ladder to Fornication?" class.
7. Picture of you and your new best friends forever in front of the Brigham Young Statue
6. Picture of you and your new best friends forever in front of the Tree of Life.
5. Picture of you and your new best friends forever acting zany in the Cougaret.
4. Ziplock bag full of Y Sparkle Punch.
3. EFY shirt signed by all of your new f/f.
2. Picture of that really fine guy at the information booth.
1. Cassette tape of the EFY theme song: "Lovin' life cause I've got my heart in the right place, learning to love myself friend to

the essentials of life i learned at efy

On the bus with no air conditioner, travelling through the 1100 F cactus-sprinkled desert of Nevada and Arizona, I made my journey from beautiful California to a place they call Zion, at a school they call the "Y." For 17 hours on the Bus Ride From Hell I anticipated learning the essentials of life from the highly-acclaimed EFY program. As I look back on that week full of instruction and inspiration, I have had a chance to con-

template the wondrous and universal truths I had learned.

The first day at EFY, I felt at home when I realized I wasn't the only one sporting new brand-name clothes and unscuffed white sneakers. The only ones without all that were the counselors, but they weren't hard to pick out. Cheesy. Too happy.

Loved to hug. Forced-on smiles, calling everyone "Bud." Happy, happy. Joy, joy. With the benefit

of hindsight, however, I admit they were actually my **by dale keep** role models. Their demeanor showed me the way to win friends and influence the people I would come in contact with here at BYU.

Another skill I was introduced to was everyone's favorite pastime: to scam on the wide selection of finer Mormon teenagers

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a woman with her own mind

Camille Williams is currently teaching a course entitled "Philosophical Roots of American Feminism." She received her B.A. and M.A. in English from Brigham Young University and has recently finished her first year of law school. She and her husband (who is a professor of Psychology) are the parents of five children. Because Mrs. Williams doesn't identify herself as a feminist, her role as an instructor of a course about feminism has been the subject of considerable controversy. Student Review talked with Mrs. Williams about this conflict and about her views on women's issues.

SR: When did your interest in women's issues develop?

Williams: My interest goes back as far as I can remember, but it wasn't until I came to BYU that I really began to read feminist literature. As I studied feminism, I also read a lot of Church literature in an effort to figure out my place in the world as a woman. I was not comfortable with the "women's places" I felt were being pointed out to me. A rigid view of a woman's place was distressing to me. I felt caught between traditional and contemporary approaches to the scriptures: one traditional view emphasized women's role in the family to the exclusion, it seemed to me, of other important things.

SR: Do you embrace feminism as your methodology for solving gender problems?

Williams: I am uncomfortable with that label (feminism) for a couple of reasons. One is that I think in our contemporary usage it frequently connotes support for legalized abortion and I don't support that. If I call myself a feminist without putting "pro-life" in front of it, then I am particularly uncomfortable. I am sometimes called a pro-life feminist—but I'm not sure what I am. I don't like

labeling people or being labeled by others. I don't pretend to have all the answers nor do I believe I can speak for all women everywhere. I am trying to understand what, if anything, I can do to provide women with better lives. In the minds of many people, "feminist" connotes a hostility toward family and religious values. Because the term elicits such strong response and is often used as a pejorative, I am not sure that calling myself a feminist is an effective way to induce change.

SR: Some see a conflict with a self-described nonfeminist teaching a feminist course. What are your feelings about that?

Williams: I think you can only assume that there is a conflict if you assume that what you are doing in teaching a feminist course is indoctrination. If what you are trying to do is teach about a social movement it seems that you wouldn't have to adhere to a particular philosophy to outline a course of readings that would allow you to explore topics and historical events associated with the social movement.

SR: Did you expect the criticism that followed your being selected as the instructor of the course?

Williams: I guess I assumed there might be some people who would disapprove because of some incidents earlier in the semester, but I had no idea that people would rip down the posters advertising the class. I also had no idea so many people would write letters to the department chair in protest.

SR: What were your reactions to the

criticism?

Williams: With at least a couple of the people who expressed concerns about my teaching the course, I asked them to send me a readings list and indicated that I was interested in learning more about their perspective. They never did send me the list. There are people who I have known for years who have disagreed with my positions on a variety of issues and have helped me to better understand what they believe. In that process I have modified my position on a number of things. I have really appreciated those who have either cared enough about me or about the issue to help me learn more about it. When someone tells you that you are wrong but refuses to help you learn any better, then you are just stuck there. Some people made it very clear that they disagreed with what I said, but they did not help me to better understand their perspective.

SR: What are your objectives as the instructor of a feminist course?

Williams: A lot of the discussion of women's issues points to specific problems. The solutions we propose are tied to our philosophical, religious, and political beliefs. Some of the difficulty we have in resolving these problems is that we don't share a common world view. Unfortunately, we don't recognize that as the problem. Instead, we think we are arguing about abortion, about domestic violence or some other specific social problem. But part of the reason we don't resolve the problem is all of the assumptions we bring with us when we look at that problem. Some people may recommend some kind of gov-

ernmental intervention, others recommend certain kinds of self-help. The disagreement is on how to frame the problem. I want to help people see the strands of philosophical thought and the historical context of women's issues. I want to help students be aware of the various frameworks and their strengths and weaknesses.

SR: How important is feminism in a university community?

Williams: As a campus community we simply can't ignore feminism. In the study of feminism, it is important to be objective. As a student it is important to look at the various frameworks and perspectives. You evaluate them, you compare and contrast, and you decide which perspectives offer valuable theories for explaining women's issues.

SR: You have indicated that you don't embrace the label of feminism. What then do you claim as your methodology for solving gender problems?

Williams: I don't think that some of the feminist solutions will solve the problem. If the problem is fundamentally human relationships, then you have to find some way to get to the point where you can encourage more positive relationships. Focusing on legislative issues can obscure the real issue. It sometimes becomes more important to win in the public sphere than it does to solve the problem. The most important solution to any of our problems is the gospel of Jesus Christ—it isn't any "ism." I know that some people think that is a naïve belief, but I don't think it is a naïve belief at all. I do think it means that we have to translate the gospel into words that other people can understand. If we can love our brothers and sisters in and out of the LDS Church, then we can help everyone solve their problems.



dressed for success

The suit's arrival was all the buzz in the basement. Two weeks earlier, when we learned of his intention to visit, Judy sounded the alarm, "A suit from the bank is coming on the 21st to check us out."

Michael bolted erect in the back room. Deadpanned. "No way. As man of this house, I must draw the line somewhere. No suits allowed in the dungeon." No one paid him much attention.

"Well, Judy, does that make the 21st a 'dress for success' day?" Susan asked resignedly.

by **james c. thomas**

"Yep, it sure does."

"What is all this 'dress for success' talk? Does this mean we have to wear socks? Tyranny, that's what this is. Typical Washington business. We have to prove ourselves worthy in order for them to take our money. I tell you, sometimes you

wonder if it's really worth dealing with these people, with all they put you through."

The college intern just kept typing, but with a distinct grin etched into his unshaven face. Something warm in the air just felt like home when he breathed it in.

Judy and Michael always seemed to have a real defensive attitude about anyone questioning the validity of their business. But when you run a business out of your home, you oft times run into such problems. When such occasions arise it is necessary to invite a suit or two into the home and show them that it's a real business ("Yes, with computers and everything") just so you can give them your money. This particular suit wanted to check the business out to approve (or deny) the company the ability to accept Visa Cards.

Mike seemed to be getting increasingly upset as the suit's arrival grew closer. He walked

around the basement muttering to himself, complaining about this being typical Washington business and having to wear socks and all. It was a fairly humiliating process he was being forced to go through. The rest of this small basement cast of characters tossed around jokes about it. The phrase of choice was "dress for success". It just seemed so ironic here. In fact the repetition of the phrase reminded me of construction-style jokes. Construction jokes are words or small phrases that have little comedic value even the first time they are said, but hold up well to repetition en masse. They are no longer even considered for meaning when they are repeated but become a cue to laugh. A pack of Pavlov's dogs in the basement, doubled over with

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what to watch

The Inner Circle Like their countrymen, Ivan (Tom Hulce) and his young wife Anastasia (Lolita Davidovich) idolize their leader, Joseph Stalin. However, it is their wedding night and the KGB is at their door. Their neighbor was arrested an hour before. Now, on this one night in a thousand night of purges during Stalin's reign, it is Ivan's turn to be taken away. He has done nothing wrong of that he knows of—and has served the Motherland loyally. But this, in no way, will deter the KGB.

by **rick carpenter and dale keep**

A terrifying drive through the streets of Moscow takes him not, however, to disgrace and possible death, but to the innermost sanctum of Soviet power. Ivan Sanshin, humble projectionist for the KGB club, has been drafted into duty to show films to none other than Stalin himself. From this night forward, Comrade Sanshin becomes Stalin's personal projectionist and part of "The Inner Circle." Rated PG-13

Shakes the Clown It's no joke anymore that, Shakes the Clown (Bob Goldthwait, *Police Academy*) takes his drinking too far. The favorite party clown Shakes becomes dependant on alcohol and finds his career in

jeopardy and his girlfriend (MTV's Julie Brown) walking out the door. Shakes tries to kick his habit but has no success until the day he almost kills himself and another man. It's a tough week, even for a guy who can juggle chain saws. Rated R

Montana Hoyce (Richard Crenna, *Rambo*) and Bess Guthrie (Gena Rowlands, *A Woman Under the Influence*) are two strong-willed ranchers caught up in the ruthless new West. They've managed to keep their ranch alive only by stubborn love and hard work, but when the strip miners move in and offer a lot of money for the property, they are torn between respect for the land and the lure of easy living. Although tempted to give up the harsh life of a cowboy, Hoyce refuses to give in to big business, and decides to pass on to his children (Lea Thompson, *Back to the Future*, and Justin Deas) the legacy of roping and riding under the Big Sky. Rated "M" (An approximate PG equivalent)

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laughter.

The day of the suit came, but Mike had left a bit before the arrival, expected back soon. The suit was young, maybe thirty. Wearing a pair of those adjust-to-the-light sunglasses, he entered the house peering into his dark surroundings. After a quick tour of the basement, Susan sat him in the living room where they began to go over business. After about 10 minutes had passed, Michael returned from the printers and was guided by the voices to the living room.

"Michael meet Michael."

Standing upright, and speaking rather archly, the suit extended his hand toward Michael and corrected Susan, "My name is Charles."

"Well, your first name might not be Michael, but your middle name must be or otherwise Susan wouldn't have said that it was," Michael said straight-faced.

"Well ... actually, um ... my middle name is Michael," the suit said, stunned.

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Hurricane Smith He was Action Jackson, but now Carl Weathers is Hurricane Smith. The Hurricane goes to Australia to find his missing sister. The only thing he finds is the vicious gang that murdered his sister and is now trying to kill him. The action is tense as Hurricane fights to return justice to the foreign land down under. Rated R.

Ruby The Mafia needed a patsy. The CIA needed a pawn. And the conspiracy needed a killer. They found it all in Jack Ruby, the Dallas strip club owner who murdered President Kennedy's (supposed) assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, on live television.

Ruby (Danny Aiello) is a minor mobster who left the Chicago mafia to open a strip club in Dallas called "The Carousel Club," a small-time burlesque bar on Commercial street. Struggling for money, he informs for the FBI while maintaining ties to the Mob. That dual allegiance makes him the perfect fall guy when the CIA and mafia join forces to assassinate the president. Rated R

The Children After years of working in Brazil, middle-aged engineer Martin Boyne (Ben Kingsley, Ghandi and Bugsy) returns to Switzerland to marry his longtime friend, and recently widowed, Rose Sellars (Kim Novak). Enroute, he encounters an old acquaintance and soon finds himself entranced by—and then caring for—her seven emotionally abandoned children. The oldest girl, Judith (Siri Neal), quickly captivates Martin with her unsettling blend of innocence and maturity. And suddenly, Martin's orderly blueprint for the future is thrown into disarray as Judith's youth and spirit transforms his life into a dangerously passionate new situation.

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Still not missing a beat, Michael said, "Of course it is. Otherwise Susan wouldn't have said it." Michael wouldn't even slow down the car for the poor deer, disoriented and frozen by the headlights.

The suit spent the rest of the meeting dazed, looking a little lost. He regained composure in time for a few cordial goodbyes, promising to call soon with the bank's decision. Mike, at this point, wasn't concerned with all that. To him it felt pretty good to have confused the suit. To somehow make the suit feel ill at ease, out of his environment.

The college intern thanked Mike for creating this sanctuary of sorts. A basement of hope to make it trite and typical, because that's just what it is. Trite and typical that the story would end with the college intern. You had to see it coming. In the end we all come back to ourselves. Our own set points of view. Our own place to call home.

Code Name: CHAOS On a sultry tropical island all hell breaks loose when a group of wacky off-the-wall spies hatch a maniac plot to throw the world into a crisis. Their elaborate get-rich-quick scheme goes awry when a crack CIA man who is not in on the plan arrives on the scene. Rated R

This is My Life A divorced New York City mother, Dottie (Julie Kavner, voice of Marge on the *Simpsons*), with two daughters (Samantha Mathis and Gaby Hoffmann) works as a salesclerk at Macy's but has dreams of making it big as a stand-up comedienne. When Dottie receives a small inheritance, she makes her career move and finds that long-sought success while she risks failing as a mother. Dan Aykroyd and Carrie Fisher add to this heartwarming comedy. Rated PG-13

The Prince of Tides Tom Wingo (Nick Nolte, 48 Hours) is a disillusioned Southern football coach who must reveal his tortured childhood if he is to help his psychologically troubled twin sister, Savannah (Melinda Dillion). Leaving a crumbling marriage behind him in South Carolina, Tom Wingo travels to New York to aid his sister's psychiatrist, Susan Lowenstein (Barbara Streisand), who encounters his heavy resentment and rage as she searches for the truth of the Wingo family's troubled history.

As Tom delves into his turbulent past, he grasps for what may be his own salvation as well as his sister's. Wounded by the same forces that have destroyed Savannah's will to live, Tom begins a halting, painful journey searching for long-denied memories that will help Dr. Lowenstein ease Savannah's pain.

At the same time, Tom gives

curt's cd calls

Artist: KMFDM
Album: Money

Style: Techno-Industrial
Label: Wax Trax Records

This is the album that Dave Kendall of MTV's 120 Minutes heralds as possibly the best industrial album ever. The group prefers to classify their sound as ultra-heavy-beat. While there's no question that the music is heavy, I became convinced that it's as danceable as industrial gets when I was able to catch their show in New York City a few weeks ago. The sound is very full. In addition to a wide variety of sounds, female and child vocals add a strikingly well-balanced contrast to the harsh lead vocals. Unless you just can't buy an album with track titles like "Sex on the flag," go buy this today.

Artist: Front 242
Album: Integration

Style: Techno-Industrial
Label: Epic

For Front 242 fans, just go get it now without any further discussion. This album is a collection of their '88-'89 tracks reworked using even more techno-synthesis. This would be a perfect album for those of who that like Nine Inch Nails but aren't sure if you really like industrial. These new versions are more melodic and "clubby" than the originals. Fans will also want to check out Official Version, No Comment and Geography, similar reworkings of songs from '86-'87, '84-'85, and '81-'83 respectively. You can't go wrong.

Artist: Wire Train
Album: No Soul No Train

Style: Modern-Alternative
Label: MCA

This sounds like a cross between Lou Reed and Elvis Costello. Don't let the no-budget album cover fool you. Most of the songs are very melodic, pretty mellow, but fast enough to keep your interest. Very listenable.

Artist: Front Line Assembly
Album: Tactical Neural Implant

Style: Techno-Industrial
Label: Third Mind Records

A Perfect mix of heavy dance-beat with industrial vocals that sound more like groaning drones than singing. A blend of various percussion sounds, machines sounds and speech in the background make this my personal favorite album of the year.

Dr. Lowenstein the courage to resolve her relationship with an arrogant husband (Jeroen Krabbe), who domineers and demeans both her and her teenage-son (Streisand's real-life son, Jason Gould).

Two people from dramatically different worlds, Tom and Susan, both at crossroads in their lives, come face to face with their own pain, make startling discoveries about themselves and each other—and fall in love in the process.

I have never been so emotionally engrossed in a video as I was in *The Prince of Tides*. I also have never been so emotionally beaten-up by vivid depictions of heart-wrenching, domestic violence and rape. While *The Prince of Tides* is a tough film emotionally, Streisand, as a director, manages to retain an aura of innocence and strength for those struggling to overcome. There is no question that Streisand should have been nominated for Best Director at Oscar time for this incredibly outstanding film. Rated R

Killing in a Small Town Based on a true story, Candy Morrison, a Bible

school teacher and quiet respected member of a conservative Texas community, initiates an adulterous affair with a neighbor. When he breaks off the affair, his wife is found brutally mutilated by an ax. Candy is charged with the murder. Her brilliant attorney enlists the aid of a sympathetic psychologist to delve into her mysterious past to determine whether it was a bloody revenge or a desperate act of self-defense. Rated R

HITZ In the legacy of Boyz in the Hood and New Jack City, Hitz delivers a savage street punch straight from the heart of the Spanish neighborhood to the heart of a corrupt juvenile court system. When a Chicano gang member is arrested for murder, a compassionate judge can't protect him during a murderous machine gun rampage in her courtroom. In a deadly climax, after the death of their comrade, the gang offers one life—the judge or an innocent young boy. Rated R

_____ (month) _____ (day) _____ (year)

Dear _____
(his/her name here)

I apologize that this is not going to be "just another letter from your boy/girl-friend." There have been some recent changes in my life that have occurred while you have been on your mission, and now you should know about them.

So, _____ I don't know how exactly to say what I have to say to
(his/her name here) you. But it helps to know that during our relationship, I noticed the personal strength you have inside. And I know that you will be able to accept the direction I am now choosing in my life ...

This wonderful story I have to tell you started shortly after you left. I met this wonderful Returned Missionary. He/She just got back from serving in the _____ (place name)

mission. It all began when our eyes suddenly met across the room. I gave him/her the eye just like I did when I first saw you that night. But I was just being flirtatious with him/her. He/she took the clue and sat next to me. Before I knew it, I was becoming lost in those entrancing _____ eyes of his/hers. And he/she flashed his/her wonder-(eye color)

fully perfect smile at me—a smile that must have all by itself swept away all of his/her baptized converts. I was lost in him/her. I was being converted by him/her. I just knew something was there for us during those first few moments together.

Then he/she asked to see my Franklin Planner as he/she gracefully slipped it out of my hands. My first reaction was a sobering panic, for what if he/she had motives of theft. My whole life was in that planner, and now he/she had it in his/her hands. But then my feelings switched to a calmer reassurance. He/She was holding my life in his/her hands. Think of it—my whole life in his strong/her supple but tender hands ... Oh! how I was swept away ...

Then he/she took out a pen and wrote his/her name in the box for 7:00 Friday night. He/She said with the utmost sincerity, "I'd love to see you then ..."

I was seeing stars. "Oh, how I would love to go out with you," I whispered. Then he/she said nothing and just put his/her hand over my hand, gave a squeeze, and vanished in the crowd. I just couldn't wait until Friday!

On that fabled night, he/she took me to see a move at Varsity I/Varsity II. Afterwards, we took a romantic stroll to _____ (name of building)

alone. It was as if everyone else in the whole building knew to respect this very special moment. It was then that it happened. He/She looked straight into my eyes. I gazed into his/hers.

He began by saying that he had been fasting and praying about something very important in his life. Then he clutched both of my hands, and popped the question.

(or)

Then her patriarchal blessing fell out of her Franklin. As I picked it up, my mind played dot-to-dot with all the periods in paragraph seven. To my surprise, they formed a picture of me. I knew she was the one so I popped the question.

I thought I would be able to stave off being married and wait for you while you were on your mission. I closed my eyes and struggled to find a way out. A battle was going on in my mind and just when I was about to mutter no/run for the door, I just couldn't help myself. All of the sudden, I swelled with happiness and bliss. I/She threw my/her arms in the air and blurted out: YES.

And then I threw my arms around him/her. I have never felt such a warm, shiny feeling. And now the world is just so wonderful. My life has just been so great since I've been engaged. I am so happy now, I can't help myself.

Remember when we embraced each other under the stars that one night? And then you whispered in my ear that more than anything in the world, you wanted me to be happy? Well, now I found the man/woman of my dreams and this is the greatest thing that has happened in my life.

Aren't you happy for us?

Guess what—we're getting married in the Salt Lake Temple next week! Isn't that romantic? It'll be on the _____th week anniversary of when we first met. And it'll be the _____th week since you've been in the field. I'll be sending you our wedding invitation picture in the mail soon. Have a nice mission. Take care.

Love,
X _____
(your name here)

P.S. Maybe when you get back from your mission, you'll be able to come to the baby shower for our second child.

captive queries

What is the best half-truth you've ever told in an ecclesiastical endorsement interview?
(in many cases names have been changed to protect the guilty)

- "Yes" —Mike Schepkowski
- "I don't know about half-truths, I filled out my own once" —Jack Bond
- "I'm trying Bishop" —Forrest Appleblossom
- "I don't tell half truths, I'm perfect!" —Jane Doe
- "I'm sorry I did it" —Curt Waldheimer
- "No, I'll never do it again" —Kyle Vontrap
- "Yea, I'm getting my haircut on Monday" —Dave Wingpingwonglo
- "Of course I'm still a virgin" —Timmy Wienershlat
- "I wasn't actually planning on doing it" —Jeanine Boop

top twenty

1. dogs that fetch
2. Smokey the Bear
3. paper toilet seat covers
4. peach Jell-O
5. the smell of fresh cut grass
6. dream team rampage
7. slaloming through pedestrians on your bike
8. Domino's in the Couagreat
9. easy tests
10. fireworks
11. the Henry Rollins Band
12. free Voltron read-along adventures from AM 960
13. swirlie noobey
14. repatriating Canadians
15. plaid pants
16. Elder Ballard criticizing Bart Simpson
17. condom sampler packs
18. 8-track players
19. Tour de France
20. helping the Slavs

bottom ten:

fire, the Palace, cheesy patriotism, dead grandparents, Rogaine with Monoxydil, fluorescent bracelets, soggy Urkel-Os, roommates who use "101 Ways To Insult Your Roommates" on you, fleas, poison ivy in your crotch

submitted by Mark Carter

efy events you missed (continued from page 8)

Here you are: happy, enthusiastic, ready to learn and grow, ready to make friends, exult in freedom and boundless opportunities, and filling up your well with righteous joy to be drawn upon for strength when you face those hard times. This is your time—Youth Time—a time to learn and laugh with one another, to make memories to last a lifetime. Too bad.

I attended EFY once, but that was nearly a decade ago, when the Church was still getting the system down pat. Granted, things were a bit more confusing then—I've always wondered if anyone ever found trace of that one Generation that went to Nevada to protest nuclear weapon testing—but it seems that in settling things down EFY lost its nervous energy, that youthful abandon, which made it such a deeply moving experience. Just so you know what I'm talking about, I've dug out my old program, cleaned off the motor oil (had to use it to patch a leak in Todd Parker's van when we all road-tripped to a Def Leppard concert), and scribbled down some of my notes from that week. Think about it:

July 27th—Nels didn't come in last night. He's broken; I know it. Bud

Macky and Spinner (couple of chowder-heads from Butte, Montana) proposed a dorm-wide moustache-growing competition two days ago, just to flaunt their testosterone. They hadn't counted on Nels though, whose dark hairy shoulders give him an oddly tanned look. He could grow a full Brigham in less than week, I'm sure. He had the whole dorm beat within 24 hours, giving him a much needed ego boost: he'd been treated cruelly by a girl the night of the first dance—his proposal that he and she drink from the same punch cup (a sure-fire love-maker, we'd always heard) was rejected with a plastic fork shoved under his thumbnail—anyway, the easy win made him happy. But then Nels and I stumbled into Bro. Pap Smoot's seminar on "God's Haircut: How the Fall of the House of David and Long Sideburns Relate." It was a powerful sermon, complete with a laser lightshow and a hairy sheep goat being thrust into the crowd. I tried to console Nels, telling him the seminar didn't apply to him, that the moustache contest was nothing more than youthful excess. Surely, after repentance, he'd still be able to serve a mission. He didn't believe me. He fell to the ground, yelled in agony

and began quoting from the Book of Job. I went to the counselors, hoping we could form a prayer circle for poor Nels, but when I came back he was gone. I saw him later though, during the breakdance competition, swigging straight vanilla extract and throwing little bits of Cougareat biscuit to the ducks which flock to this campus at night. "The ducks are coming for Zion," he giggled softly, in a hollow tone. He had no pants. I haven't seen him since.

July 29th—ZZ Top and Howard Jones and The Fixx on the stereo: Mits brought his entire collection of LP's and 45's down from Seattle with him. We've already locked our counselor, Isaiah Toomes, in his room, having knocked him out with Sleep-EZ in his Dr. Pepper. We call up Gigi and the rest of the girls from New Hampshire—they're ready to party. We get together for a field hockey game out on the wet, succulent grass; the dew clings provocatively to my pajama top. I'm sweating. Suddenly, bright lights pin Bambi and Tom Jones right in the midst of a tussle for the puck. A police helicopter thunders overhead, while BYU Security men, charging down from the Cannon Center, fire warning shots. Tom desperately tries to cover up

Bambi's exposed calves with his flak jacket, while the rest of us bolt for cover. Cheryl, terrified her Mom will find out she's disobeyed curfew again, dives down a manhole.

Jack trips over an onrushing motorcycle cop, blowing out the cycle's rear wheel and pulling his hamstring. Bob jumps right through Mooky's open window (pretty cool as Mooky was roomed on the second floor of John Hall). I burrow root-like in the mud behind the shrubs. No use. The SWAT team rounds us all up. The girls are released when they promise to sew a new scarf for each member of the riot squad, but we guys are herded over to the ELWC, forced to our knees and kept awake all night chanting "We will not engage in contact sports on unwashed grass."

Towards morning there is a testimony meeting; we hug each other, glad to have been redeemed from this dark night of the soul. As we file out we grab some leftover baked beans and scrod provided by our loving counselors,

then sit in on a showing of the new seminary filmstrip series, "Free to Choose a Life of Submission."

Well, I could go on—Sister Feffet's mental breakdown while speaking on "Steroids and Silicone: How You Can Have a Perfect Resurrected Body Today!" Ziffy Bunwieler taking out Louis's two front teeth with a tray from the Cougareat when he claimed women could only be saved through childbearing; and especially Bro. Basilheart's aching yet joyful soul-cry, as he confessed before a hushed, spiritually stunned audience his struggle with the demon-sin of his youth: voting Democratic. I don't think there was a dry eye in the auditorium—I certainly still carry a warm feeling in my heart for the noble fight that imperfect Saint put up against temptation. But I digress. Δ

(Michael wants to be an EFY Counselor, but can't because of his...uh...well, inappropriate tattoo)

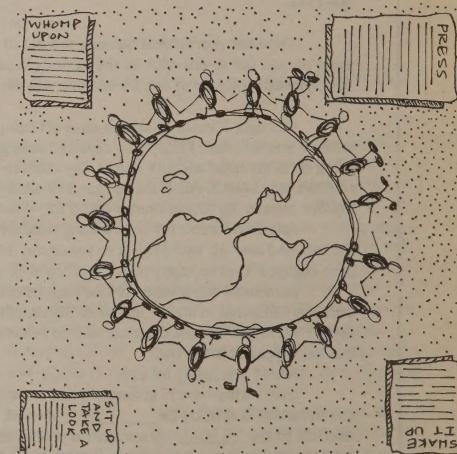
the essentials of life i learned at efy (continued from page 9)

that flocked in from around the world. At the dances, if you looked the least bit lonely or homely the counselors would be sure to ask you to dance. Through the disco lights and the sea of dancing teens, I couldn't help noticing that hair spray is an essential commodity to Utah and Idaho girls. I guess they liked that tumbleweed look. They still do.

The typical EFY day went as follows: wake up at 6 a.m., aerobics, devotionals, eat, devotionals, eat, devotionals, dance, not unlike a typical day for a BYU student. I learned how to cope with, and

even like, pulling my shorts down low enough to get past the card-checkers into the exquisitely-catered cafeteria. But I soon learned that the food served wasn't worth waiting 45 minutes in line for when Taco Bell was only a few steps across the street. I also learned how to sit through six devotionals in one day and that by resting my forehead on my hand I could cover up my napping eyes. Very essential for future life in college. It also didn't take me long to figure out how to sneak out of the dorms and pass through the highly secured surroundings.

The curfew of 11 p.m. was just too early for a few hormone driven, rebellious teenagers. Other life essentials I learned were—Dominos Pizza's phone number, BYU dress and honor code, NCMO, not to live in the dorms again, my hair was too long, how to break rules, 54 girls' addresses, and that a whale's brain is the size of a Volkswagen Bug. Yes, EFY was worth it. Because of it, I feel more prepared for the adventures life might bring—in Provo at least. And to think, I learned all the essentials of life in just one short week. Δ



Student **REVIEW**

continued from page 3

more powerful than the God that made him."

While many members, like these women, find hope in the existence of a Heavenly Mother—hope that ultimately the male-oriented society and church in which we live might give way to a more full, complete, unified system, authorities and conservative forces might fear the Mother for the same reasons. Perhaps they fear the empowerment of women the full recognition of a Divine Mother would generate.

Other problems might prevent people from desiring to discover the Mother. Some may cling to nineteenth-century notions of plural Heavenly Mothers. This idea tends to limit the Mother's sphere to spirit child-bearing, annihilates the possibility of any governing role for feminine deity, and makes meaningful relationship obscure if not impossible. Many more probably believe in the idea that Her existence is rarely mentioned in order that Her name might not be vilified. This idea, however, stems from the Victorian view that women belong on pedestals, which boasts that they are kept safe and protected, while essentially preventing them from exercising any independence. When such views are superimposed on the Mother, we are led to believe that Her power is dependent on that of Her husband, that She could only be revealed by the Father's permission. I find it difficult to maintain the equality of women and men while maintaining such views. In setting these myths aside, we might consider that "protecting" the Mother's name from vain repetition would also prevent its loving usage.

There is little doubt that this issue has become a divisive force, at least in the American Church. Those advocating open worship of the Mother become more defensive and antagonistic as the authorities and would-be authorities become more restrictive and condescending. While we should remember that persons who have found the Mother have crossed a line over which they can not be expected to return, I think we must remember that the process to discovering the Mother is gradual for the individual and

more so for a tradition steeped in patriarchy. Not that we should sit idly by and not seek change. Certainly the search for the Mother could be compared to Joseph Smith's search for truth. But change will require communication between what are now two hostile forces.

I can not deny the validity of personal experience with Mother God. To suggest that people like Toscano, Whitesides and Esplin are wrong in their motives or expression might be as grave an error as condemning Rosa Parks for refusing to surrender her seat on the bus. But for those uncomfortable with such vocal disagreement with authority, perhaps alternative, more peaceful ways of integrating the Mother into our consciousness exist. Many members find it appropriate to thank both Heavenly Parents during testimony, or to use Mother-inclusive phrases in gospel classroom discussion. For example, the phrase "becoming like our Heavenly Father" would be more accurate as "becoming like our Heavenly Parents." While addressing public prayers to include the Mother might be more contentious or political than reverent, opening a prayer "Dear God" allows the person praying to retain her or his own picture of divinity and will interest but not offend others.

My personal experience has led me to believe that increasing our awareness to include the Mother has a profound effect upon your worldview. To view the Parents as unified in their Godhood provides a pattern for a non-patriarchal family order on earth, eliminating much excuse for unrighteous dominion. It gives us reason to explore the spiritual power women hold; to revise our views of women's priesthood roles. The Divine Parents act as a symbol of the unification of the sexes and the diverse forces of the universe—a broadened sense of atonement. By opening our minds, we might discover that it is not the Mother who has been silent; perhaps we have been deaf. Is it She who has been hidden? Or are we remaining blind? Δ

continued from page 4

centered society. If you don't believe me, just picture the architecture of the Church Office Building complete with cement worlds on each side of it."

Liesel and I do not want to say that it is comfortable to be members of a Church whose authorities are nearly all men. It is difficult for those of us working for equality and greater understanding between the sexes. However, much of our pain is caused by our lack of understanding of God's ways. The Heavenly Mother has not chosen to reveal herself; we wish we knew why. But we do have a great belief in the workings of God. We have commandments and scriptures; we have temple ordinances; we have the Holy Ghost. We know that the Lord "will give unto the children of [women and] men line upon line, precept upon precept ... and blessed are they who hearken unto my precepts, and lend an ear to

my counsel, for they shall learn wisdom; for unto [her or] him that receiveth I will give more" (2 Ne. 28:30). Whereas Toscano, Whitesides, and Esplin lobby the authorities for change crying: "Listen to us. Some of us are not at home in the religion you have given us"; we say instead, "Help us to listen, help us to understand; some of us are not at home in the religion you have given us." Δ

slices o' faith

[Mormonism] calls for thoughtful disciples who will not be content with merely repeating some of the truths, but will develop its truths; and enlarge it by that development. ... The disciples of "Mormonism," growing discontented with the necessarily primitive methods which have hitherto prevailed in sustaining the doctrine, will yet take profounder and broader views of the great doctrines committed to the Church; and, departing from mere repetition, will cast them into new formulas; cooperating in the works of the Spirit, until they help to give to the truths received a more forceful expression and carry it beyond the earlier and cruder states of its development.

—b.h. roberts

continued from page 5

one just talks in circles, moving like vultures.

Accuse me of being reductionist. But all I know anymore is that we must just be good to one another. There is no other way.



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THEATRE

July 30 - Aug. 3, "Catch Me If You
Can" Hale Center Theatre.
Aug. 6 - Sept. 28, "The Odd
Couple" Hale Center Theatre.
July 31 - Sept. 21, "I Came To
Your Wedding" Orem Hale Center
Theatre.
July 30 - Aug. 31, "The Lion, the
Witch and the Wardrobe", "Robin
Hood". City Rep.
July 31 - Aug. 8, "Talley's Folly",
Pardoe Drama Theatre, 7:30pm.
Call 378-3875 for tickets.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S.
University, SLC. Tickets: 581-6961.
Egyptian Theatre, Main Street,
Park City Tickets: 649-9371.
Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S.
State St., SLC. Tickets: 364-5696.
Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S.
Main, SLC. Tickets: 484-9257.
Orem Hale Center Theatre, 225 W.
400 N. Tickets: 226-8600.
Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340
E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: 581-6961.
Provo Town Square Theatre, 100
N. 100 W., Provo. Theater: 375-
7300.
Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N.
168 W., SLC Tickets: 363-0525.
Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City
Rep.), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets:
532-6000.

MUSIC

Aug. 4 - 8, Church Music
Workshop
Aug. 4, Mormon Tabernacle Choir,
de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30pm. Call
378-4322.
Temple Square Concert Series
All concerts begin at 7:30 in the
Assembly Hall and are free.
July 31, Karlyn Bond, piano
Aug. 1, Salt Lake Chamber Winds
Aug. 3, Avner Hanani, piano
Aug. 5, Trisha Fackrell, violin
Aug. 7, Janae Codner, piano
Aug. 8, Amy Greenwood, piano
Aug. 12, Mormon Youth Symphony
Aug. 13, Mu Phi Epsilon
International Competition, 1pm -
5pm
Aug. 14, Jayne Swensen, soprano,
Denise Farrington, piano

Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of
"Music and the Spoken Word,"
from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be
seated by 9:15 a.m.

Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle
Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m.
Free.

Utah Symphony
July 31, Michael Martin Murphy, at
Symphony Hall, Aug. 1, at Deer
Valley, Aug. 3 at the SCERA in
Orem

Call 533-NOTE for tickets and
info. Students are only \$5 with a
Student I.D.

CINEMA GUIDE

Movies 8 Call 375-5667 for current

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In June 1992, the Wasatch
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Wasatch Review will be a local
publication (not connected with
the Student Review) with an aim
of providing a new outlet for
"Mormon" creative work. The
aims of the WR are to provide an
outlet for serious Mormon writers
(though authors do not have to be
LDS), to increase the quality of
Mormon literature, and to
broaden the LDS world.

The journal's constitution
reads:

The Wasatch Review Inter-
national is a literary journal dedi-
cated to exploring the Mormon
culture through short stories,

excerpts from novels, poetry, personal es-
says, and dramas. The literature we seek will
not be written to affirm (or disaffirm) Church
dogma, but will be written to examine the
Mormon and his or her world as it is per-
ceived and experienced. Any short story,
play, personal essay, poem, book review, or
literary criticism that deals with some facet
of the Mormon culture or would be partic-
ularly interesting to a Mormon audience will
be considered for publication. Authors do not
have to be LDS.

What the Wasatch Review needs now
is support in manuscripts and money. The
Student Review encourages interested
readers to lend their support to another
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another outlet for the exploration of culture
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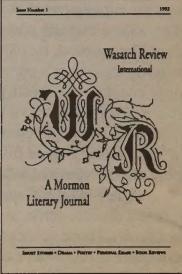
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CALENDAR

listings and show times. Only \$1,
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Villa Theatre, 254 S. Main,
Springville, 489-3088. \$1
Academy Theatre, 56 N. University
Ave., 373-4470.
Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State,
SLC, 226-0258.
Carlton Square Theatres, 224-
5112.
Cineplex Odeon University 4
Cinemas, 224-6622.
Mann Central Square Theatre,
374-6061.
Scena Theatre, 745 S. State,
Orem, 235-2560.
Tower Theatre, 875 E. 900 S. SLC,
.359-9234.

373-0515.
White House, 202-456-1414.
Governor, 538-1000.
Center for Women and Children in
Crises, 374-9351.
Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.
Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-
4000.
Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.
Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.
General BYU Campus and
Community Info, 378-4313.
UTA, 375-4636.
Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.
LDS Social Services, 378-7620.
BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.
Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.
Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

ART

Aug. 1, Women's Arts, Music &
Food Festival & Twilight
Celebratory Ritual, 1pm - 10pm.
The Amphitheatre at Pioneer Park
(East of Hogle Zoo)
Springville Museum of Art (126 E.
400 S.)
Aug. 1 - 12, Howard Kerns
Retrospective
Aug. 1 - 12, Old Favorites
Aug. 1 - 12, Thomas Leek:
Watercolors

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SUNDANCE

Sundance Summer Theatre
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Right Self". Call 225-4100 for info.
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OTHER

Every Tuesday from March thru
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Lot. Call Outdoor Unlimited at 378-
2708 or Randy Larsen at 370-2367
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Monday night poetry, 7-8pm, at
Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem.
Massages, full body, full hour, \$16,
call 359-2528.

BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights,
492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m., call
378-5396.

Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTuWF
at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., free
Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.
Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State,
SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles,
Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin,
Laser Rock, LaserLight IV and
Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.
Readings of local women writers,
Mondays, A Woman's Place
Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive
#240, Foothill Village, SLC, free,
call 583-6431.

LECTURES

Don't miss the Sunstone
Symposium, Aug. 5 - 8, at the Salt
Lake Hilton Hotel.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Legacy Foundation, information
concerning orientation issues, call